

MESSAGE TO THE LUMPEN

The crucial moment for us, the Lumpenproletariat in Babylon, coincides roughly with the period of transition from high school to whatever life holds for us. As a result of pressures born of the struggle to survive, many Lumpen do not last until the day of graduation from high school. Long before Graduation Day, many lumpen have already gotten crossed into jail or prison. Many have already dropped out of school to take jobs and others join the Army. Still others hit the streets, to hustle, to hack out a living off the fat of the land.

The system of oppression is in motion, the rip-off is already well under way for the lumpen. The prospects are indeed bleak. The hateful political, economic, and social systems have already proven themselves as trickbags structures that are organized against us and deadly in their operation. Those who control these systems are already revealed as enemies. The Avaricious Businessmen, Demagogic Politicians, and the Occupying Army of Racist Pig Cops, have been proven, through practice to be the human agents of oppression and exploitation and the lumpen harbors an implacable, bitter hatred towards them.

If we have not already dropped out of high school and gotten into our thing, now that Graduation Day has rolled around, we are up against it. Either way we look we see bullshit, and the same pigs dishing it out, in huge helpings. The straight dream of the lumpen is either to get a job, go on to college and get more education in order to get a better job later, or go into the Army. Very few lumpen decide consciously to go to jail, and jail is not something to which the lumpen aspires. But many lumpen are able to perceive the future, and view jail as inevitable, and they steel themselves in preparation to deal with it when it comes down.

After a lifetime of checking shit out from the sidelines, the lumpen now wants what's his. All arguments requiring him to accept deprivation fall on deaf ears. The lumpen is prepared to take it.

At this point, the Lumpenproletariat spreads out along a spectrum of practice from Left to Right. All those who ease into the narrow slots which the system has provided for them mark spots on the spectrum to the Right of the Lumpen who hit the streets and go to jail. Those who hit the streets and get off into "The Life" have already acted for rebellion against the pigs and their system. Those who continue with school, take a job or join the Army, are still trying to make the system work for them. They may even already have the correct analysis and know the game is rigged in favor of the ruling class, but they still have not gotten it together in their heads. This used to be an iron truth a few years ago.

Now the situation has completely changed, due to the heightened political consciousness of the Lumpenproletariat in Babylon. The lumpen is now conscious of itself as the Vanguard of the Revolution inside Babylon. Since the outbreak of the rebellion in Watts in 1965, the lumpen has been the primemover in Babylon. Through his actions, he has created conditions that have

forced people throughout the whole of society to relate to his demands. It is true that the official reaction of the pigs has been to relate to the lumpen by trying to repress them with jail or death on the streets. But the lumpen, numbering in the millions, has continued to bounce back, each time stronger and on a higher level of political awareness, organizational know-how, and form of struggle.

In 1966, the Lumpen, with a few members of the black bourgeoisie participating, formed the Black Panther Party, dedicated to organizing and speaking for the voiceless; unorganized, but potentially powerful black Lumpenproletariat in Babylon. Always the first victim and easiest target of the oppressors' reactionary violence, unleashed through the instrumentality of the racist pig cops, the lumpen was the most enthusiastic and willing to move when an organization stepped forward to deal on a for-real level with the task of ridding the people of the terrorizing presence and practice of the occupying army.

By contrast when the lumpen first posed the alternative of organized reactionary violence of the ruling class, the lumpen found itself isolated. Relating to the complaints and demands of the lumpen as these were stated in the 10 Point Program and Platform of the Black Panther Party, the other classes panicked and got as far away from the lumpen as possible. The fact that the lumpen was actually picking up the gun, and actually using it, blew the minds of many people who were supposed to be the friends of a just cause. Even so-called revolutionaries, many of whom were to the Left of the contemptible Communist Party of the U.S.A. retreated, panic stricken, for the shelter of more rhetoric and feigned confusion.

It had not been the conscious, premeditated will of anybody to usher in the new level of struggle. It was in the wind. Objective conditions called for an organized force that was ready and willing to leap off into the chaos, pick up the gun, and Vanguard the action. Many attempts were made to provide such organizational machinery and ideological direction. It happened that the Black Panther Party offered the best possibility at that time. So, phase one of a three phased process was entered into.

The task that had to be accomplished was to expose and break the power of the machinery in the hands of the ruling class that used to control, repress, and contain the revolutionary upsurge of the oppressed people inside Babylon. In practical terms, this meant that the following three targets had to be dealt with:

1. The Occupying Army of Racist Pig Cops
2. The Racist Pig Judicial System
3. The Racist Pig Prison System

Without these instruments of control, repression, and containment to rely upon, the rulers of Babylon would be on the chopping block-like a christmas Turkey. This special repressive force—Police, Courts, and Prison—was known to be the foundation of the American Social Order. This

foundation had to be destroyed in order that the fiendish, in human, and totally rotten system of capitalist exploitation, fascist repression and imperialist aggression could be gotten hold of, demolished, and thrown in the oblivion of the grave.

To bring the day of freedom, liberation, peace, and happiness for the people one step closer, the Black Panther Party zeroed in on Target No. one. We declared war upon the entire system, and we went into battle against the first line of pig resistance the Racist Pig Cops.

OFFING THE PIG COPS

When offed pig Frey, he set a lumpen Standard that had to be met. For the lumpen, there was no question about it, it was right on, and the feeling was good for the first time. The death of pig cop Frey marks the death of all pig cops in Babylon. The correct method backed up by the correct analysis was confirmed in lumpen eyes at the moment that Frey was officially declared to be dead. The absolute right of the Afro-American people to take up arms and wage war against their oppressor gave itself the seal of approval through action, by moving, by taking the initiative and actually attacking the pigs, with guns, and killing them. This became our thing, our real thing, our deep down thing. Dig It.

The retaliation of the pig grew slowly. They were stymied. They went through heavy changes. The actual shooting of Afro-Americans in the San Francisco Bay Area plunged to new low. Not that the murderous pigs did not want to vamp, because vamping on a weak foe is their thing, their deep down thing, but they were not psychologically or militarily prepared to vamp. Police Departments throughout Babylon launched crash programs to reorganize and gear themselves for war which clearly had to be waged.

The first significant attack against an office of the Black Panther Party occurred two days after the Oakland courts found Huey P. Newton guilty of Manslaughter instead of First Degree Murder. The Oakland Pigs, with their frozen Law and Order brains, knew that they were being moved on by revolutionaries. They also knew that dealing with revolutionaries meant war. And like all ruling establishments, they struck out, viciously, in a vain effort to stamp out the first fires of peoples's war. We knew that we were their targets, but they were also ours. The most atrocious vamp on our Party was the murder of Fred Hampton. It is also the most revealing. It clearly lays bare the Nazi-like cops of Babylon in the process of terror and retaliation, in the cold-blooded murder of a young leader of his people. Their object was precisely to get rid of Fred Hampton and to deprive our people of his leadership and work, dedicated without price to our total liberation.

Whether we look at the defense of the Los Angeles office of the Black Panther Party mounted by Brother Geronimo when the pigs launched an armed attack against us, or the heroic vanguard action of Jonathan Jackson, or the many other revolutionary actions being vanguarded, daily, by the

Lumpen in Babylon, the conclusion is clear: the people not only do not relate to the pigs, they are actively opposed to them and becoming more and more active in their opposition. The entire society has been politically educated about the racist pig cops. Those who are with the pigs in opposition to black people exist, and they are also the enemy, but the majority of the people cannot relate to these pigs. A peoples' United Front Against the Pigs exists. And the armed struggle is developing ever more swiftly. With a regular rhythm now the people are offing the pigs. It is quantitative and uneven in its unwinding, has been for a long time now, but it is due for a qualitative change of consciousness. Jonathan Jackson speaks of a higher level of revolutionary consciousness, adherence to principle, and implacable determination to guarantee the liberation of our people.

OFFING THE PIG JUDICIAL SYSTEM

The good part was that pig cop Frey was dead. The bad part was that Huey had gotten captured. Though the victory was still clear, it was marred by the fact of capture. The capture gave rise to the case. Our struggle was now being moved from the streets into the court house. WE had our first conversation with Attorney Charles R. Garry at this point. War was thus transformed backwards into politics. What started as an act of revolutionary war against the pigs was turned into politics inside the pig's court. The direct link between the pig in the street and the pig on the bench was made. Soon the pigs on the bench were carrying guns under their robes. Political prisoners stood up in court and exposed them inside out, forever. It is no longer a question of can I get a fair trial. The question has boiled down to how do we break these chains? When Jonathan Jackson marched into court with his guns, a qualitative leap in theory and practice flashed like lightning through millions of skulls. From California to New York, a vanguard communique had gone out. The revolutionary demand for a Jury of one's peers is a rallying cry. Backed up by resisting arrest and killing the Judge transforms the rallying cry into a war cry. The courts are dead in the eyes of the people. If the pigs, as a deceptive tactic to seduce the shaky, handed out a few court decisions freeing some victims, it only proves that they manipulate court decisions just like they manipulate everything else.

OFFING THE PIGS PRISONS

If the Afro-American people are the most oppressed as a group inside Babylon, then Afro-American prisoners, who are the most oppressed class inside Afro-America, know what it means to be a slave. The stark naked reality of chains and dark dungeons, the cruel and brutal methods of the guards, the total exposure of the lies of society, and the fact that the pig cops bust you on the streets and drag you before another pig in court; the pig in court turns you over to the pigs who hold down the prisons. From top to bottom, from beginning to end, it's a no-go pig show.

The lumpen, trapped within walls of steel and stone, sees very clearly what is going on. He understands himself to be a victim of a scam that the pigs have put down. It's not

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funny anymore. Before, the lumpen laughed at it. Dreaming of trips from rags to riches, the lumpen had spent some time dreaming the All American Dream of the shoeshine boy growing up to be President. Now that they had been convicted of a felony, that dream was dead. The lumpen had to dream up new dreams. The dreams inspired by the situation were dim. The reality was brighter. 400 years of oppression were distilled into steel, stone and slavedrivers called wardens and guards. The lumpen draws the unshakable conclusion: these pigs should be killed and these walls razed to the ground.

From this point on, the Lumpen gives up everything, including all allegiances to the living. From now on, he makes all his deals with the dead. The Lumpen at that moment discovers a new life. The future, which under the regime of the pigs was closed, is now suddenly open. It's not that the Lumpen has been born again, but that he now understands! The wisdom that had been hidden is now his. Before he came to prison, the Lumpen's reality was the pig on the corner, in the squad car, on the beat, a certain distance away. Now it is a pig in your face, armed with a rifle, just there on the catwalk.

The Lumpen takes an oath. To kill, to destroy, in order to make the necessary room in which to build. Nothing that the pigs have to say at this point could matter less. And that's good because as long as the Lumpen participated in the dialogue between the people and the pigs, nothing could happen. Indeed, the Lumpen was never really a part of that dialogue: nobody listened to him in the first place. To be sure, the Lumpen had made its presence felt, but as a problem, as a quantity to be analyzed and explained, to be clinically studied for its anti-social tendencies.

THE OATH OF THE LUMPEN IS TO REJECT THE PIGS TOTALLY, TO CONDEMN ALL THEIR WORKS, TO HATE THEM FOREVER, AND DEDICATE ONE'S LIFE TO DESTROYING THEM AND THEIR SYSTEM.

At this point, the Lumpen has lost even the fear of death, which he first had to conquer before he could kill. He does not feel himself to be a member of a minority group. He knows that he is invincible, that he is equal to the world. He spends no more time debating these points with himself. He becomes more and more interested in military skills. He half regrets that he did not join the Army and master all the guns. But he also knows that if he had gone into the Army he wouldn't see things as he now does. He treasures his vision above all, it becomes his most precious and perhaps only possession. The Lumpen also knows, that it is this, his vision, the way things look to him, that the pigs want to block out. Why? Because they cannot deal with it.

The Lumpen is standing there. With high school either behind him or off to the side, he either already has prison or the Army under his belt, or it is the next stop. Lying in his prison cell, death is staring him in the

eyes. He knows that he has become a man whom the pigs, if they are continue their reign, must kill. Instinctively, he draws nearer to his brother Lumps. Collectively, they deal with the current problems of survival. Later, they will fulfill the oath. Here, the Lumpen reaches a certain impasse.

The pigs, who are watching night and day, know where he is at. They know where a Lump is coming from. They classify him as a menace to society and deny him parole. At the same time, the prison has been taking its toll on the Lumpen's patience. He was never very patient anyway. His oath is haunting him. He doubts if he can wait, control himself, until he is paroled so that once outside he can do some major damage, as in his new dreams, to these barbarous men of power in their pig collective.

Each day becomes a tortuous struggle to keep from grabbing a pig and slitting his flabby throat. He wants all these pigs dead, but with his present limited means, it does not seem worth it. Or is it? The Lumpen confesses that he really doesn't know. His convictions on this point swing back and forth. Some times the temptation overwhelms him. He moves but not all the way. His prison term is extended. The shit becomes crystal clear. What the Lumpen does next is his secret. He has become a revolutionary.

OFFING ALL THE PIGS

It is a fact that at this very moment inside the united states there are people who have reserved especially for themselves the best of everything. For them, reality unfolds over the lip of a silver spoon. The best food, clothing and shelter; and even the air that they breathe is cleaner. If they get sick, then they have the best doctors standing there waiting with golden instruments that fit neatly under their tongues. It is clear that they think that because we rejected their diplomas in pissed in the faces of the faces of their teachers that we are stupid. But we are the architects of their doom. And we are not all in their prisons. We are everywhere: in their buildings, in their streets, in their air, in their water, we are in their Army, and we are even under their skins. Let that pompous punk, Spiro the skunk, who talks like he's studied every cheerios and wheaties ad ever composed, continue to sell his wolf tickets. There are those of us who will buy every one of them. We do not have to be as fat as they are in order to kick their asses. When the Lumpen moves, the entire society has to move, because the Lumpen is on the bottom and the only way he can go is up. As the bottom starts to move towards the top, everything between the bottom and the top has to move, if nothing else, at least out of the way.

We must have faith in ourselves, and make deals only with the dead; like:

Malcolm X, Little Bobby, Bunchy and John, Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, Robert Webb, Jonathan Jackson, George Jackson.

All the brothers and sisters in the Black Panther Party who faced the guns of the pigs and died.

All the courageous and valiant Lumpen who rose up at Attica and wrote a heroic page in our book and died.

And, NAT TURNER

We shall storm the walls of their castles in our lifetimes. We are living in the day that it has become possible for us to snatch a final victory from friends who have oppressed and tortured us for 400 years. Millions of Lumpen, armed and on the ground, pursuing the enemy with a passion and implacable determination to defeat him, are an invincible force. When they try to destroy us, every move that they will only hasten the destruction of their machine. Each time that they breathe, they reveal even more to the people their contours of evil. And after the great victory, ain't nobody going to mess with us. When the pie of Babylon is sliced up again, not only will the Lumpen get its share, but standing there with guns in their hands, the Lumpen will see to it that everybody else gets theirs.

If Mayor Lindsay of New York dipping his fingers in blood that hated him, finds it to his political advantage, this year, to attack Nelson Rockefeller as the Butcher of Attica, and not as one of the chief exploiters of the oppressed people of South Africa through his Chase Manhattan Bank, it means only that we have the pigs fighting amongst themselves. Thieves do fall out with each other. It also means that from out in the fields the Lumpen has shaken the house to its very foundations.

Such clashes born of the contradictions within the ruling class are not only inevitable, they are useful to us. It helps to set the stage for our victory. Now we see clearly that we can fire at will. We don't need to see the whites of their eyes, we already know what color they are. We have translated all of their words into the texts of their death certificates: We hear Rabbi Kahane calling for indiscriminate and random terrorist attacks against Jews, while he sings the Star Spangled Banner in Yiddish, along with Kissinger and all the others who get self righteous if we call them Kikes, as they plot our doom with the goyim.

Now, while the world situation permits it we must make our move for the freedom and liberation of our people, realizing that nobody and nothing can stop us. To be successful, all we need to do is become fulltime revolutionaries. We have nothing better to do. No more of their programs for us. Let us enact a Lumpen program for them. No more investigations and inquiries, no more nothing, not even elections. When the forces of fascism find it necessary to kill Mayor Lindsay, it will only show us even more clearly the rigor mortis setting in on the corpse of Babylon. Field niggers have dreamed of this day since the first slave revolt revolt was drowned in blood in Babylon. It's what haunts the dreams of every Indian alive.

And it is not a question of black against white. The pigs find that it is useful to their creepings fascism to throw those colors around. Malcolm X pointed out long ago how they used those color tricks to talk about the "White Priests" and "White Nuns" that the brothers ripped off in the Congo. There are millions of whites who know where the shit is at. They ain't goint to Vanguard nothing. What they will do is run for shelter. Therein lies one key to our victory. A racist form of fascism requires a homogeneous population base to stand on. Yet, at every stage of the struggle, the oppressor needs the help of the house niggers in our day, the black bourgeoisie-- to block and absorb our thrust. Action is the Vanguard. Through revolutionary action, we dictate the dialogue between the black bourgeoisie and the oppressor. Our action is also a skunk tossed inside of the white shelters, where grim, bright-eyed Weathermen move around in the dark. If an enraged white American kills Spiro Agnew, do we or do we not celebrate that noble deed? Right On! But the Lumpen do not sit and wait for this to happen. No grass grows under Lumpen feet.

